

FINNEGAN HANDS OUT THE REAL DOPE ON MEXICO

Irish Philosopher Enlightens His Friend Quinlan on the Little Game of Battledore and Shuttlecock Between Washington and the Mexican Chiefs.

By LIND C. DOYLE.

"DOES the President say e'er a wurrd iv Mexico in th' message?" asked Dennis Quinlan of Dionysius Finnegan, as he sat in the latter's tansorial parlor, turning over the leaves of the evening paper.

"Sorra a wurrd," replied Finnegan, as he carefully examined his professional instruments and wiped them with a piece of chambray, as was his wont on Saturday evenings. "Wirra, wirra, Dionysius, this Mexican business gets me goat ivry time, and the devil a bit c'n I understand it at all, at all.

"Iver sin' July was a year ago the pa-apers is sayin' 'Face near in Mexico,' or the like o' that, an' will ye look at what we're seein'! Who-hurt-her is gon'—the good Lord knows where—Vanuspianny Carranzay is here at Santy Cruz, the day, an' there at San Hoshy de Pimpley tomorrow; Villy an' Shopatty is now kissin' aich other in the strates, an' agin knifin' aich other in th' alleys; while Gutty Hairry an' Bunko is playin' hide an' sake in the palace, an' Ginral Hill is chasin' May

ranzy an' Villy was shriekin' to rayfarrum iv'rythin' in sight, an' that same hit the great 'daylist where he lives. 'This,' siz he to himself, 'is where I'll fade the Statu iv Liberty to a feeble croak. 'Tis meself will be the torch-bearer iv Liberty to th' Amerikys,' siz he.

"Well, Carranzay was writin' proklymashuns to the Mexicans an' letters to Wilson, breathin' in the throe spur't iv the pathrit: Wudthrow was swallin' it whole, a' yellin' to Carranzay to go iz far iz he liked, an' unloadin' his happy thoughts on the pa-apers: Villy was assassinat'in Americans an' Britishers in Che-wow-wow an' Shopatty was robbin' hen-roosts in Canned Peaches, an' they was all happy an' content.

A PEACEFUL ATTACK INTERRUPTS THE TEA DRINKING.

"All iv a suddint, a lootin' iv the po-leece arrists some sailors that Joe Danyiels had sint to drink tea at Santy Cruz, an' Wudthrow sinds McWhirter an' ultimatum, peacefully bumbards Santy Cruz, t'rows in the troops an' yells fr' madyashun.

"Fr' the luv iv Mike, will anyone madyate?" siz Wudthrow, the tears runnin' down his face. "We'll madyate fr' ye, siz the South Americans, A, B and C. 'Who'll we madyate wid?' 'McWhirter?' yells Wudthrow. 'But ye don't reckonize him,' siz the madyaters. How'll ye madyate av ye don't reckonize him?"

"Grzashus Hivin, I niver thought o' that," siz Wudthrow. "Belike Carranzay wud madyate wid me."

"But he had nawthin' to do wid it," siz the madyaters. "He says ye're buttin' in" an' he don't reckonize ye at all in Mexican matters. "Gintlemen," siz the Prisdint, wid emoshun, 'tis nis'sery that we madyate in this here crisis, that the wurrld may reckonize me idayas an' idays, to say nawthin' (siz he to himself) 'iv savin' me face. Who ye madyate wid is an unimportant detail. Anythin' wearin' bell-shaped pants wid a fringe on will do," he siz.

"What'll we madyate about?" siz A, B and C. "Whist, till I luv up me idayas, fr' me mind has but the wan thrack," siz Wilson wid a winnin' smile. "But," he continues, "the strong pint iv me mentality is the broad gauge an' the number iv sidin'."

FINE POINTS IN DIPLOMACY ARE SETTLED, MORE OR LESS.

"Furst iv all, McWhirter will raysine to wanst," siz Wudthrow.

"Thin he must fire a saloot iv twinty-wan guns," siz Wudthrow.

"How's he goan' to fire saloots afther raysinin'?" asks the madyaters. "I dinna. That's wan more petty detail," siz the Prisdint.

"Will ye reckonize him before he saloots an' afther he raysines or vicy-versy?" asks the diplomats.

"I'll do nawthin' barrin' what I'm tellin' ye," siz Wilson. "Tis me irrejucible minny-mum," he siz.

"Sorra the day. What's that?" asked Quinlan.

"The twinty-five plunks Cohen thried to stick ye, before acceptin' six fifty fr' that soot, was Cohen's irrejucible minny-mum," replied Finnegan.

"I shall insist on namin' th' Provish'nal Prisdint," siz Wilson.

"I shall amind the lan' laws," sez Wilson.

"I shall inforce the constychushun," siz Wilson.

"Tis little they care about y'r lan' laws or the constychushun ye have here," siz the madyaters, 'but will ye stop the war in Colorado?"

"Sure 'tis the Mexican laws an' constychushun I was spakin' iv," siz Wilson. "As fr' Colorado—what business is that iv theirs?"

"Oh," siz the madyaters.

THE GREAT IDEALIST EXPLAINS. AND ALL IS WELL.

"But," siz the gr'eat Idealist, 'th' issintial pint is this: While ye're madyatin' there must be a thruce. That manes that McWhirter c'n do nawthin' an' the riv us will do as we please. 'Tis to fire at justes ye are av ye rooin' th' ceilin'. Go to it!' siz Wilson. 'Tis a cinch."

"Oh," siz the madyaters.

"Well, Dinny, th' A B C's goes to Nia-gara an' Wilson an' McWhirter rids dillegates, an' they talk an' talk. 'Hurrah,' siz the pa-apers, 'the Prisdint stands furum on th' irrejucible minny-mum an' vichry is in sight. Manetime the Navy is transpourtin' san'tery plumbin' to Santy Cruz, an' the sailors is drinkin' catnip tay to kape off the chills. Fred Funston howlds back McWhirter wid wan hand while wid th' uther he paints signs, cal-lated to preserve the public heal', in the back alleys an' hotle enthrices.

"Wan day Brine goes to Wudthrow. 'There's a catridge factry at Bridgeport has a big order fr'm Carranzay an' they want to know will they ship,' siz Brine.

"Sure thing," siz Wudthrow; 'wire them to ship at wanst.' 'How about the thruce?' siz Brine. 'Lave the thruce be, an' do az I tell ye,' siz Wilson. An' so th' catridges is shipped fr'm Bridgeport an' sails fr'm N'Yark.

"Where do I come in?" calls McWhirter. 'Av this is a thruce, why didn't ye sthop th' ship?"

IDEALS AND GUNBOATS IN AN AWFUL MIX-UP.

"I mailed thin instruchuns, but forgot to put on a stamp. Sure they must iv walked all the way," siz Wudthrow. 'Howan'diver,' he siz, 'I'll tell Brine to inquire about it.' 'Th' instruchuns was unfornitly delayed,' siz Brine.

"I'll sthop th' ship wid me gunboat," siz McWhirter.

"Av ye do I'll blow y'r little tinclad to bits," says the great Idealist. 'Where's y'r idays that ye'd break th' thruce?"

"All this time the dillegates at Nia-gara was talkin' an' talkin'. Villy was shootin' now a Dutchman an' now a Spaniard an' Wilson was beggin' Carranzay to come in an' be madyated. 'Come in,' siz Wudthrow; 'the wather's fine.' 'I'll tink iv it,' siz Carranzay, 'but this same is not me year fr' takin' a bath, an' I'm comfortable where I am, siz the Furrat Chafe. 'Brine is an aisy mark,' siz McWhirter to his dillegates. 'Kape th' talk goin' till I'm ready to skip an' thin bid him go to the divle an' take th' irrejucible minny-mum wid him."

"How did they settle it?" asked Dennis. "Twas a redukshun iv th' irrejucible. McWhirter wudn't agree to raysine an' all uther thrubbles was lift to the Mexicans thimselves.

IT WAS A GREAT VICTORY FOR THE PRESIDENT.

"What kind iv a saloot did Wudthrow get?" asked Dennis.

"A silent saloot," answered Finnegan. "McWhirter put up his hand to-wards his hat wid the tumb pintin' in, an' wiggled his fingers. 'Twas a great vichry fr' the Prisdint—accordin' to the Avenir' Post.

"Well, Dinny, about a mont' later t'ings was so hot fr' McWhirter that he got ready to quit, an' he says to Bunko, 'Wher'll I go at all at all?' siz he. 'The sorra a bit I know,' siz Bunko; 'why not thry Bar-saloon?"

"It listens good to me," siz McWhirter; 'I like the name,' he siz; an' so he takes ivryt'ing that's loose an' flies to Barsaloon.

"See how me far seein' policies brings healin' on ther wings," siz Wilson.

"The way me dove iv pace is broodin' over Mexico will be wort' money to me on the circuit," siz Brine.

"A triumph fr' me Prohibishn Navy," siz Danyiels.

"The Prisdint has shown the wourld the way iv Pace," siz th' dministrashun editors.

FINAL EVIDENCE OF PEACEFUL CONDITIONS—IT IS A BRICK.

"Get to hell out o' here wid y'r Gringo troops," siz Carranzay to Wilson. 'Yis, and he quick about it,' siz Villy, 'fr' siz he, 'I've somethin' to say to his whiskers here,' he siz, trowin' a brick at Carranzay. 'Wid pleshur,' siz Wudthrow. 'I see they are no more naded. Anny-wan cud see that,' he siz.

"Be hivin, arre ye crazy?" siz th' English Ambassadure. 'Dye know what'll happen when the troops lave?"

"Righteousness an' pace will kiss aich uther," siz Wilson, pious-like. 'At laste Jawm Lind siz so, an' he was down there last winter was a year. The American people will rejice, for they all love the Mexicans,' siz Wudthrow.

"Well," siz Funston, 'av they do I wish they cud come down here an' smell thin just wance. I'll lave av ye say so, Wudthrow, but, take it fr'm me, what is goan to happen here,



"Does the President say e'er a wurrd iv Mexico?" asked Dennis.

"twill make Donnybrook fair look like a Quaker matin'," siz Funston. 'Howld on a bit,' siz Wilson, 'till I r'un that thrain iv t'ought over me single thrack mind."

"Meantime Mexico was breedin' Prisdints like pigs. Th' was Provishnal Prisdints in charge iv the provishuns, an' de facto Prisdints in charge iv annythin' they cud grab. Th' was de jury Prisdints in charge iv th' gran' jury, an' pro-temp' Prisdints in charge iv the po-leece, illicited be wan hundther an' sivinteen pathrits fr'm th' state prison at Salt-hill. Wan day it's Carranzay, the next it's Bunko, an' agin it's Gutty Hairry, an' imminit grocer, an' ex-convic' fr'm Coalwheeler. Aich wan calls a convinshun iv his own, an' ivry dillegate howlds his cre-dinshun in his right hand wid a finger on th' thrigger. Con-tes regyardin' sates is settled in the road outside, an' defayd dillegates is burrid at th' expinse iv ther friends. So whin the chairman raps the convinshuns is unannymus.

"The Carranzay commishun reckonizes Carranzay an' the Villy convinshun, wid the mor'l support iv twelve t'ousand four hundther an' elivin sojers to keep Shopatty away, illicits Gutty Hairry fr' a term iv twinty wan days, sivin hours, fourteen minits an' two secinds. Aich side cillybrates be firin' shotted saloots at th' uther, an' the peaceul citizens iv San Hoshy de Pimpley takes a crack now at wan side an' now at th' other; Villy an' Shopatty is engaged in a cyarving match back in the cafe, while the byesthanders sing 'There's No Place Like Home."

"Then Wudthrow calls in the Washin'ton correspondents. 'Tell the public,' siz he, wid dignity, 'that, owin' to me policy iv "Watchful Waitin'" condishuns in Mexico is rapidly becomin' normal.' An' the pa-apers prints it—betuxt the weather raypport an' the Jew failures on the sivinteen' page.

HE IS FILLED WITH SECRETARIAL ZEAL, BUT HIS LEGS ARE COLD.

"Wan day Brine runs to the White House at six in the marnin' in his p'jammers. 'What's up?' siz Wudthrow, sthickin' his hid out o' th' windy. 'Lave me in,' siz Brine. 'I've impartit news an' me legs is cowlid,' he siz. 'Gwan into the office,' siz Wudthrow, 'an' I'll be down. Now, what is it?' siz he, comin' in, snappish like, fr' he hates to be bruck iv his slape.

"The imminent pathrit Hoo-harry Rynose Salazer has iscaped fr'm jail at Albuquerque, Noo Mexico, an' is rushin' to the relafe iv his beloved country."

"Let him rush," siz Wudthrow, rubbin' his eyes. 'Is he fr' Villy or Carranzay?' 'Me inf'rmarshun does not state,' siz Brine. 'Sure I only found the dispatch the marnin' whin I come in fr'm me letcher tower. But here's better news. Villy an' Shopatty has kissed aich other in public an' will march together to Mexico City, siz th' gr'eat letcherer.

"How beautiful is the feet iv him that bringeth good tidin'!" siz Wudthrow, rowlin' up the whites iv his eyes.

"I dinna i' me feet is beautiful," siz Brine, lookin' down at his cyarpit-shippers (he wears number tins, Dinny), 'but I know they've been cowlid this year back, an' so's yours, Misher Prisdint."

"Have the pathrits killed e'er an Amerikie this week?" asks the Prisdint, ignorin' the lat remark.

"Me daily bulletin fr'm Chautauque didn't minshun anny," siz Brine. 'Wan mo thriump for me pol'cy,' siz Wilson. 'I know, they'd quit sometime av they was lift alo. Call in th' raypporters an' say the Prisdint is much plazed."

"Here's a b'y fr'm th' Deppartmint wid some tellygrams," siz Brine. 'It siz Gin'l Hill is chasin' May Tureno in Coalwheeler.' 'No doubt his intinshuns is honorable, else I hope she'll iscape,' siz Wilson. 'Who is she, anyway?' 'I dinno,' siz Brine, openin' another tellygram. 'Hivin be good to us,' he siz, turnin' pale. 'Villy an' Shopatty is stabbin' aich uther an' all th' fat's in th' fire, siz he. 'Hert' wan fr'm Santy Cruz,' he siz, openin' another. 'Fr' God's sake, lave me fight or call no home. This Dago merry-go-round makes me dizzy, an' th' throops thinks they've the B. T.'s. Ye're drivin' the Navy to drink. Is structur quick. (Signed) Funston."

"Raycall him," siz Wilson, risin', wid hearin' decishun in his eye. 'Th' objic iv our oocypashun is accomplished—which,' siz he, wid a gran' gisture, 'was to introhuce me idays to the wurrld, an' introhuce Amerikie plumbin' into Santa Cruz."



"Ivry dillegate howlds his cre-dinshun."

"The worst is still to come," siz Brine, radin' another message. 'May Tureno is shootin' into Texas. Ah wirra, wirra, what'll we do?' 'Make her sthop!' yells Wudthrow. 'Ye just towld me she was in Coalwheeler.' 'It appears that was a month ago,' siz Brine. 'But I on'y huld iv it this marnin', owin' to me bein' on th' road. May ain't a woman, anyhow; he's a gin'ral."

"Tis a fine sec'tery iv State ye are, an' an' Wudthrow. 'Go an' tellygraft Carranzay that I demand he sthops the shootin' or I'll hand him wan."

"Sure," siz Wilson to himself as Brine runs out, 'Av the party and meself was playin' 'Abraham an' Isaac,' 'tis Brine wud make the fine Ram in the Bushes."

"What did Carranzay say to Wilson?" asked Dennis.

"On'y four wurrds, but they was conclusive. 'Go-to-the-Divle.' Thin they sconds Gin'l Scott to Naked Sonory on a misshun iv Peaceul Consiliashun.

"And so it stands, Dinny, unless they've illicited some more Prisdints while we've been talkin'. Betwixt th' shouts iv the fighters in Mexico, ye can hear th' sound iv drunker laughter fr'm Barsaloon, where McWhirter is drinkin' dimmycratic cocktails made iv Wilson Whisky an' foolish powders. Brine ses round soffly whistlin' 'I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark,' but sorra a wurrd comes fr'm the great idaylist. Not even an ippogram. But they say Scott knows th' Mexican character.

"Sure they shud kape him in Washin'ton thin," said Quinlan. 'Thin Dagos has made suckers iv Wilson an' Brine."

"Dinnis," said Finnegan, 'suckers in the potes' he knocked the ashes from his pipel, 'they're not made, me b'y—they're born."

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Motto: 'Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may'

THE FIRE ALARM SYSTEM.

According to what experts say, the fire alarm system of this town is inadequate.

It ought to be made perfect.

The streets are not so clean as they ought to be.

The street cleaning system ought to be perfect.

There is too much willingness to compromise, to accept the second, or tenth best thing. We in this town should have the best, unqualifiedly and without delay.

NEW ROCHELLE NUBBINS

We hate to be all the time knocking Howard Elliott but he paid no attention to our protests about the station seats being so high Frank Tucker's feet wouldn't reach the floor and now we got to call his attention to the drip on the Kingbridge st. crossing which drips regularly spoiling clothing & the hats of ladies which were ruined.

Postmaster: Eb Adams wants us to put in something about people not sending perishable stuff, soft things & like that in the mails. Eb says they ought to have a special div'y stamp on or they likely spoil on his hands. One & all help Eb to keep the P. O. neat.

"KICK IN" SCORES FIELD GOAL AT REPUBLIC THEATRE.

Willard Mack's Melodrama Reviewed by The Gazette's Critic.

Some great show is how we designate the piece now playing at the Republic Theatre, the name of same being "Kick In" and Willard Mack, however that is the author. It tells about how when a fellow is once crooked the police don't give him a chance to go straight but persecute him till it is almost time for the final curtain to go down. But for all that there is a fine moral in it which young and perspiring playwrights should take note of, it being a straight crook is the shortest distance between royalties. (That is pretty good is our opinion although we are writing about the show and not our own stuff but still we have got to get some advertising out of it.)

J. Barrymore and Jane Grey are swell and then some but Forrest Winant is the best of all them if my opinion is worth anything which a great many people say it is not whom we do not agree with. Only we would like to suggest another joke which Forrest could say when he is nervous and chewing on the Police Commissioner's matches one after another

sitting in his office. When the Commissioner says Don't do that I am going to need all my wood for the winter or something like that he ought to up and say Well, I am going to need wood too because I am a Forrest. We suppose they will want to put that joke in the show right away which they are welcome to with our blessing say we.

William J. Burns the detective sat in back of us he seemed to like it very much, that is the show not sitting in back of us. Only if we were a detective and wanted to go some place on our night off we would not pick out a show with detectives and crooks and everything in it although perhaps he did not know that when he went to it, we being willing to give him the benefit of the doubt such being our nature. But why did not the press agent of the show talk to Mr. Burns and ask him what he did think of it and tell the papers about it? However we are not going to knock the press agent who is all right and gave us seats in the 6th row and besides he might get to be press agent of some show that we have not seen yet some day.

G. S. K.

LOCAL NEWS

Our streets look awful. Lots of news in town this wk.

Quite a crowd in the subway yesterday morning.

Tom Osborne was down from Ossining one day last week.

Florence Davenport Rice is practically o. k. from her recent illness.

Douglas Doty is editing the Century these days and is pretty busy, taking it a. m. a.

Uncle Ed Chamberlin was a pleasant caller Wednesday, looking better than ever. Come again, J. E.

Charley Riegelman is busy getting up the U. of M. dinner Feb. 5. Charley is a U. of M. boy, 1899, and a Phi Beta Kappa, 1911.

We are thinking seriously of getting a new fountain pen; and would buy one from some firm that was a heavy advertiser, maybe.

Herbert B. Swope has accepted a new position on Don Seitz's paper, the New York World. Herb is going to be city editor.

Looks like we was in for a real cold spell.

Bob Adamson has sent

THE GAZETTE the fire-line pass mentioned exclusively in last week's G. W. G. Thank you, Robert, we are for you, o. k.

Mrs. Carl Flanders and Virginia Flanders have returned from the State of Maine and are sojourning at their town place in Columbia Hts., Bklyn.

Gene Saxton wrote us a letter last week saying enclosed is something that might interest you, but he didn't enclose anything, which is what lots of folks do.

Art Samuels of Philadelphia, Hartford, Pittsburgh, etc., paid a flying visit to y'ed's new apartment last Sun. Art thinks a lot of a certain party. Ah there, Art!

Geoffrey Parsons of Rye has a new suit the goods for which was brought to him from Scotland, Eur., and which he had constructed into a 3-button sack suit, fitting him elegant.

Ye ed. read a piece of Rollin Lynde Hart's in the Woman's H. C. how he gave up smoking and we tried next day, but we don't smoke enough to hurt us and we have to have a little.